Hands To Myself by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

"God, I'm horny," Steve whispers and Billy can feel the heat of Steve's arm pressed against his own, feel the little tremor that runs through his body.
Billy swallows hard, stares pointedly up at the ceiling, "Yeah?"
The white noise of Steve's hair against the pillow as he nods fills Billy's ears.
"s'just the weed workin' its magic."
Steve turns his head to look at Billy, "Are you?"

Hands To Myself

Author's Note:

> It should be no surprise that I present to you more porn. This is my wheelhouse. I needed naughty, horny boys getting off in bed together. Someone else must need this, too. I was inspired after the scene in Henry Gamble's Birthday Party. Because that come face. Thank you Joe Keery. I tried and tried again to give you more context, but. I'm bad at context. So...all you need to know is Billy is sleeping over in Steve's bed after an evening of smoking weed and drinking because of reasons.
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> The Drill: kudos, con-crit, and comments - come at me <3

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Billy swallows hard, stares pointedly up at the ceiling, "Yeah?"

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"s'just the weed workin' its magic."

Steve turns his head to look at Billy, "Are you?"

"Am I what, Harrington?"

Steve huffs and Bill has to suppress a shudder as Steve's warm breath gusts over his shoulder, "Horny?"

Billy shrugs, but he's shifting restlessly beneath Steve's blue sheets. He can't very well tell Steve that no, he wasn't really until Steve starting talking like this, all low and breathy and secret. His cock is filling steadily as he listens to Steve's heavy breathing and he knows he'll be tenting the sheet soon so he says, "Yeah."

The word feels thick as it works its way up his throat and past his chapped lips.

"Fuck, can I?" Steve asks, but Billy's not sure why he bothered because out of the corner of his eye he can see the way Steve's already begun stroking himself. Billy grunts.

"'s'your bed," Billy replies softly. Billy can hear the light slap of Steve's hand on his cock and his own throbs longingly.

"You can, you know," Steve says, voice wavering.

"Hmm?"

"Do it-" Steve cuts himself off on a moan and Billy's fingers are already creeping down his belly and under his shorts, "*Fuck*, do it too. If you want to?"

Billy doesn't answer, wraps a hand around his cock and hisses at the feel of his rough, callused palm.

"Are you hard?"

Billy snorts softly as he fucks up into his fist. Steve's head tips to the side at the sound and his eyes go wide as Billy meets his gaze this time. Steve's eyes slip down the length of Billy's body and stop at the rise and fall of the sheet. Steve licks his lips. The attention has warmth coiling in Billy's gut, rolling up and washing over him.

"You thinking about the Wheeler girl?"

Steve's strokes seem to slow, "Maybe. I mean, I was."

Billy hums softly as he pictures Nancy. Nancy spread out on Steve's bed with her long, thin, Bambi legs open wide. Steve cradled between them. Steve's thick cock plunging into her tight, wet heat. Steve.

The slap of Steve's skin next to him is becoming more audible by the second and it makes Billy shiver.

"Jesus Christ!"

"Huh?"

"You, *goddammit*. You sound like a girl. You sound so fucking wet."

"Yeah," Steve bites out between little hitching breaths, "I, fuck, I get really..."

"Really?"

Steve shakes his head, flips the sheet down. His shorts are pushed down to his knees and Billy almost comes at the sight of Steve's cock. It's big and thick in his fist, flushed a deep pink and looking so slick and shiny as the precome wells up at his slit and runs down the length. He's so turned on, so wet it looks to Billy like he's already popped.

"Fuck, Harrington."

"Can I see you?"

Billy groans deep in his chest and rips the sheet off the both of them, jerks his shorts down his thighs. He lets his muscular legs fall open and away from his body. He drops his free hand down low, cradles his balls gently as he pulls on his cock. It's not as impressive as Steve's is, but it seems to have captured Steve's attention none the less.

"Oh, fuck."

"Yeah?" Billy asks, the word tumbling out before he can stop it. He sounds so desperate. For admiration. Approval. Love.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Steve chants, fist a blur as he jerks himself off, "Billy. Fuck, talk to me."

Billy wonders if Steve wants him to talk about one of the girls he's fucked. About big, pendulous breasts swaying in his face as his cock gets ridden. About pussy juices flowing down his chin when he makes a girl come on his tongue. He wonders if Steve wants him to talk about one the boys he's fucked. About how he loves the musky scent of cock when there's one buried in his throat. About how good the hot, slick drag of a tight ass feels around his dick when he's taking

someone from behind.

What comes out, however, is neither.

"First time I saw you in the showers, after practice," Billy murmurs roughly, "I went home so fucking horny. Went straight to my room. Did this."

"Oh my God."

"Looked so fuckin' good. Water hittin' you, runnin' down that ass, your fuckin' dick."

Steve's whimpering, mewling like a kitten as the mattress trembles and squeaks beneath them.

"Jesus, you're hung. That night, I thought about choking myself on that dick, jerked myself off until I bust all up my chest. Fuck, *Steve*. Steve, I'm gonna come."

But Steve comes first with his brows furrowed, throat bared and corded as every muscle in his body goes taut. Billy watches, mesmerized as Steve's moans, his cock pulsing in his messy fist as he erupts all over himself, ropes of come streaking up his belly and chest. And God, he looks so good like this, fucked out and filthy.

Billy wonders if Steve's ever caught himself in the mouth. *Fuckin' sharp shooter*, he thinks fleetingly and then he's following, spurting onto his belly, hips thrusting up desperately into his fist as he milks himself dry. The heat of Steve's body is so much closer now as he watches Billy reverently with those big dark eyes, his cheeks pink and lips parted.

Billy's still trembling through the aftershocks when Steve crashes into him, kissing him desperately on the lips. He tastes like weed and PBR. Billy moans as Steve's tongue slips into his mouth, as Steve's fingers skate across his slippery abdominals to pull him close. Billy doesn't know how long they kiss for. It could be minutes. It could be hours. But when it's over Billy feels as fucked out as Steve looks.

Steve bites his lip, looking down at their bodies sheepishly. The sheets are damp with sweat and jizz, mingled fluids tacky against

their skin.

"I uh, guess we should clean ourselves up."

Billy reaches out, brushes Steve's mussed hair off his forehead and out of his eyes, his heart thumping wildly in his chest when Steve leans into the touch, "We made a pretty big mess, huh?"

Steve moans out a soft, affirmative sound that has Billy grinning sharply. Billy runs a finger down Steve's chest, through the come cooling there, to his cock still flushed and wet and thick, "Shower? You wash my back, I'll wash your..."

Steve's cock is aleady twitching up into the featherlight touch, filling at the thought.

"Mmm, Harrington, you dog."